

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

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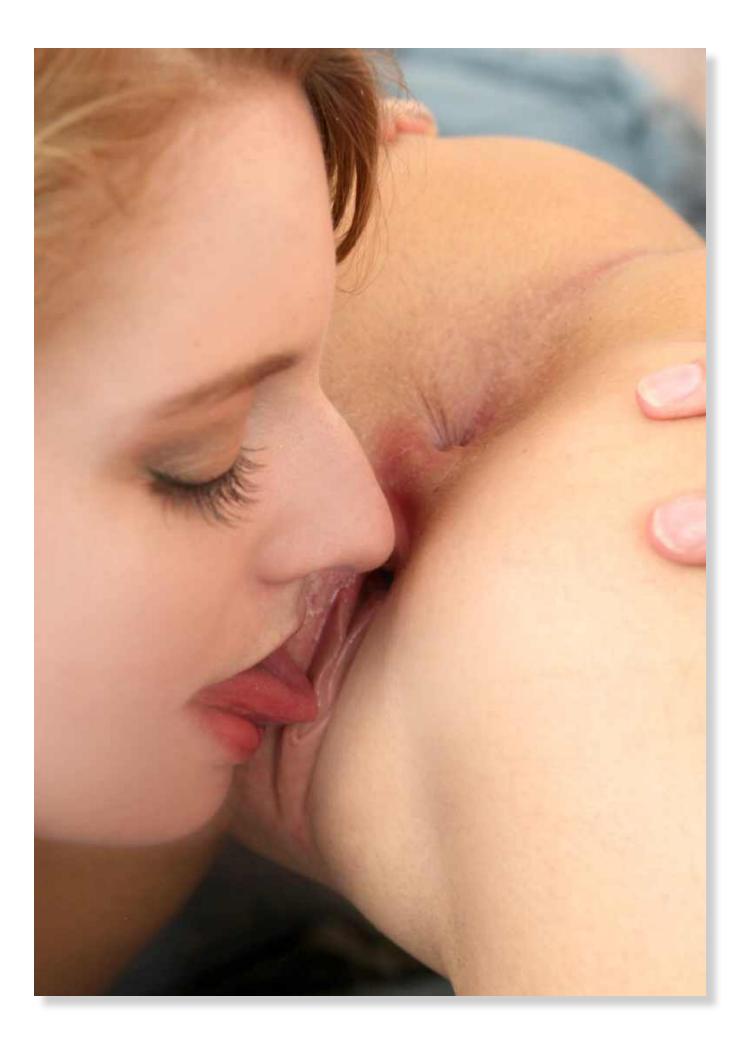
































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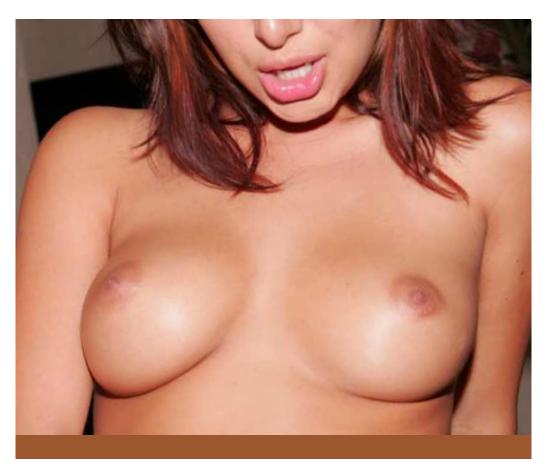


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Hermosa Barista

I am a writer — for a local podcast here in Miami and I've read some of your reader's letters. While I found most of them to be highly unlikely, what happened to me last month has changed my mind. I'd like to share that experience: the beautiful barista.



Isabella is the owner of Miami's Most, my favorite coffee shop. Probably in her mid-thirties, she was about ten years my senior. Someone once told me a tragic story about how she lost her husband and children in a bad car accident a few years back, and how she'd opened the café a year later with the insurance money. I'd been frequenting Miami's Most for a while now. I liked the quiet, mellow atmosphere, and it was easy for me to write my column there. The words just seemed to flow. I had never really spoken much with Isabella — or the other baristas for that matter — other than register banter and the occasional passing smile when, per chance, our eyes would meet. Little did I know that tonight would change all that.

I was working late in the coffee shop, an early morning deadline looming over my head. Outside, rain was coming down in torrents and the café had been pretty dead all evening. Beside Isabella, the only other people in the café were a couple who seemed to be very much in that stage of a relationship where they couldn't get enough of each other. Giggling, flirty, and affectionate, I just knew they couldn't wait to finish their lattes and head home to bed to take their games to the next level. The guy

even kept attempting to pull down the girl's top as she playfully blocked his advances. Soon I noticed the couple putting their cups in the bus tub and heading for the door. Isabella came around the counter and began wiping down the tables in preparation for closing. I glanced at my watch $-30\ more$ minutes until close - and kept on writing. All of a sudden I heard Isabella exclaim, "Oh shit!" I looked up to see that she had absent-mindedly knocked over the remains of an iced drink on the table directly in front of me.

As she bent over to wipe up the spilled coffee my eyes drifted to the dip in her tank top that proudly displayed her ample cleavage, her breasts bobbing as her hand circularly caressed the coffee and ice from the table. I could tell she was embarrassed as she muttered apologies to me as she cleaned, but I was too mesmerized by her swaying boobs to care. Totally distracted from my work now and enjoying the show, my cock sprang to attention. Unexpectedly, she looked up at me, totally catching me off guard. It was obvious that her boobs had become the focus of my attention. Now it was my turn to be embarrassed. I expected her to chastise me for staring rudely, but her frown quickly turned to a smile and she said, "Enjoying the show?"

"I'm sorry for staring but your cleavage is amazing," I replied, still feeling caught in the act and not wanting to lie about it.

"Thanks. It's nice that you find my breasts attractive. It's been a while since I've had that kind of attention," said Isabella as she put the towel and pulled up a chair at my table.

Not at all the response I was expecting... "Phew," I said, "I'm



glad you're not angry."

At this point her Isabella's nipples were threatening to rip through the fabric of her tank, making my already hard cock throb with desire. Isabella flipped her hair out of her face and glanced down at her boobs. "Can you believe that couple that was in here a little while ago? I thought I might have to clean up more than just lattes and crumbs tonight. I bet they're fucking their brains out right now. Watching them got me turned on, and watching you ogle me is adding fuel to the fire."

Feeling emboldened now, I wanted to see where this might lead. Worst case scenario, I might have to find another coffee shop to do my work at. Deciding to lay all my cards on the table, I slid my chair back, exposing my massive erection. "You're not the only one who's turned on," I said. Isabella's eyes lit up as they dropped to my crotch. Without saying a word she pulled her chair closer to me, leaned over, and began lustily rubbing my cock through my jeans. I responded by reaching a hand into the top of her shirt, underneath her bra, and cupping one of her breasts, feeling the weight of it against my palm as her hard nipple pressed into my flesh. Then Isabella unzipped my fly and pulled my cock out into the dim light of the café.

"Nice. Real nice," she said as she began stroking me in earnest. I switched hands and gave her other boob some deserved attention, encircling her areola and pinching her nipple. Isabella leaned over further and brushed her lips against the tip of my cock before giving it a kiss. Then she hopped up and ran over to the door, locking it. "Looks like I'm closing a little early tonight," she said, shutting one of the blinds. I hopped up and helped her with the rest. As Isabella

flipped the store's "Open" sign to "Closed", I walked up behind her and ran my hands underneath her shirt, up her back, and around to her boobs, kneading them passionately. I kissed the back of neck, occasionally running my wet tongue around to ears. Isabella cooed. Her hand reached behind, grabbed my cock, and continued jerking me off.

I pulled Isabella's shirt up over her head and undid her bra. As the bra fell away Isabella turned around to face me. Her tits were a glorious sight to behold, full, round, and firm. As Isabella's hand found my cock again, I took one of her pleasure jugs into my mouth. I ran my tongue around and around her nipple, saturating her areola and boob in my saliva. Then I took as much of her boob into my mouth as I could before popping it out and applying the same treatment to the other, all the while Isabella's hand

moving quickly up and down my shaft. I could hardly contain myself, eagerly anticipating blowing my load all over her.

Isabella smiled at me and said, "I'm hungry. Let's see what's on the menu. I bet it's a meat dish." She dropped to her knees and took my cock into her warm, moist mouth. Groaning, I pulled off my shirt. Hot damn, could Isabella suck a mean dick! You'd never know it just looking at her. I could barely stand anymore, so I sat down in a chair and moaned some more as Isabella's skilled tongue darted around my balls and shaft. Then Isabella slurped on my balls, her hand taking over where her mouth left off on my cock.

The urge to cum was building rapidly, and when I told Isabella this, it clearly excited her. "Not yet," she said and stood up, undid her pants, and shimmied out of her pants and panties together. In anticipation I quickly pulled of my pants down sat back down. Isabella straddled me and lowered her pussy onto my waiting cock, moaning as she did. Her pussy must have been super wet because my cock instantly buried itself to the hilt. She began working my cock up and down with her hot twat, and I leaned forward and buried my face in those fat titties of hers. I was in heaven.

"I haven't had my pussy stuffed like this in a long time," she said between pants, tossing her head back and gyrating her hips. I grabbed her around the waist and helped pump her up and down, thrusting up to meet her and each time burying my cock as deep inside her as I could. "You gonna cum soon?" Isabella asked.

"I think so," I said excitedly.

"Not if I can help it," she said, flashing an evil grin as hopped off my cock. I groaned, wanting nothing more than to blow my load up inside her sweet

pussy. Isabella lay down on the ground, spread her pussy lips with her fingers, and said, "I think there's something on the menu for you too. Hope you're not a vegetarian." Between her directness and watching her spread those luscious lips, I was even more turned on, if that was even possible. I got off my chair and made a nose dive for her wet, waiting pussy, immediately plunging my tongue inside. Man, did she taste great!

Eagerly I licked my way around her pussy, paying her clit special attention. I flicked my tongue over it in short, rapid strokes, and then I stuffed a couple fingers in her pussy simultaneously. Isabella had been moaning before, but now she seemed on the verge of screaming explosively. Her hips bucked and bucked, grinding into my mouth and fingers with wild abandon. "I'm cumming!" she shouted as I felt a rush of her cum overflow my fingers. I pumped her pussy a couple more times and then grinned at her as I licked her cum off my fingers. Isabella lay there for a just moment, regaining a semblance of "composure."

"Now it's your turn," she said, pushing me onto my back and taking my cock back into her mouth.

At this point a bomb could have dropped right outside and I wouldn't have cared. I was having one of the best nights of

my life, my fantasy finally coming true. Isabella's expert tongue and supple hand had me gushing torrents of jizz in her mouth in a matter of minutes. She swallowed every last drop, milking me completely dry. Afterward we lay together on the floor until my cock grew hard again and we went for round 2. And round 3. And 4! The next morning I had to ask for an extension from my producer as I was in no shape to finish my work that night. A couple days later I arrived at the coffee shop, hoping to see Isabella behind the counter and maybe score a quicky



in her office. However, one of the head baristas, Clarissa, was tending shop. Disappointed, I approached the register to order. Clarissa made eye contact, snickered, and started writing on a piece of scrap paper. "Nice performance," she said, cutting me off as I asked for a mocha.

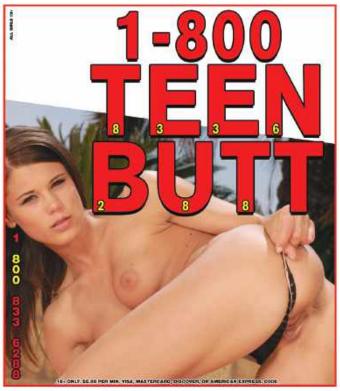
"What?" I stammered, not knowing what she meant but mind flooding with possibilities.

"The next time you fuck the shit out of Isabella in the shop here, you might want to turn of the security cameras or at least the DVR," she said, sliding the piece of scrap paper toward me. I looked down at the paper. On it was Clarissa's name (with a skull and bones dotting the eye), a phone number, and the words, "For a better time, call me... SERIOUSLY."

"Don't worry – you can still fuck Isabella too. I'm not looking for anything serious," she said.

"Works for me," I said. I sat down at a table to wait for my mocha, my mind drifting off into a tapestry of erotica imagery involving Isabella and Clarissa. A shit-eating grin made its way across my face. Clearly this was the BEST coffee shop, not only in Mianmi. but the whole wide world!

































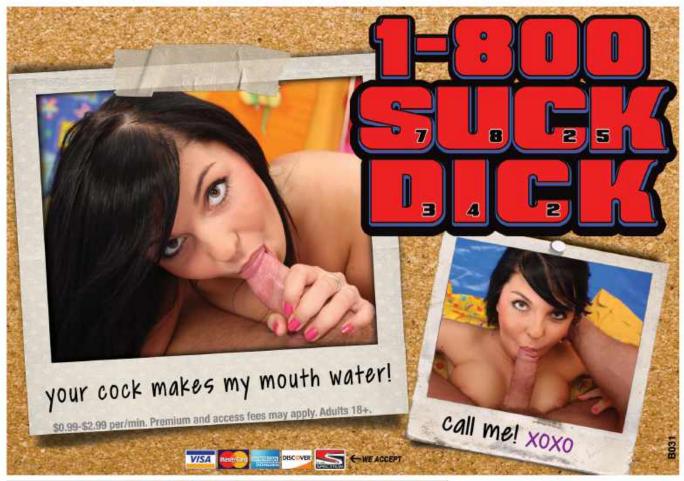








































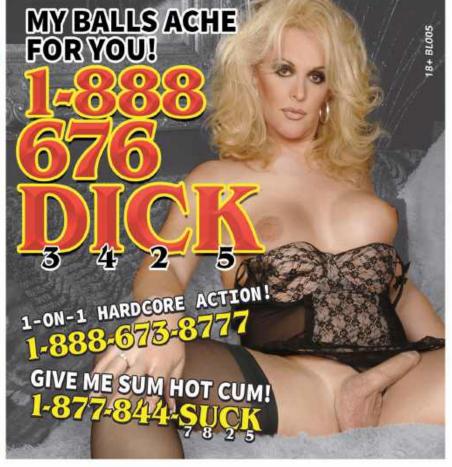




















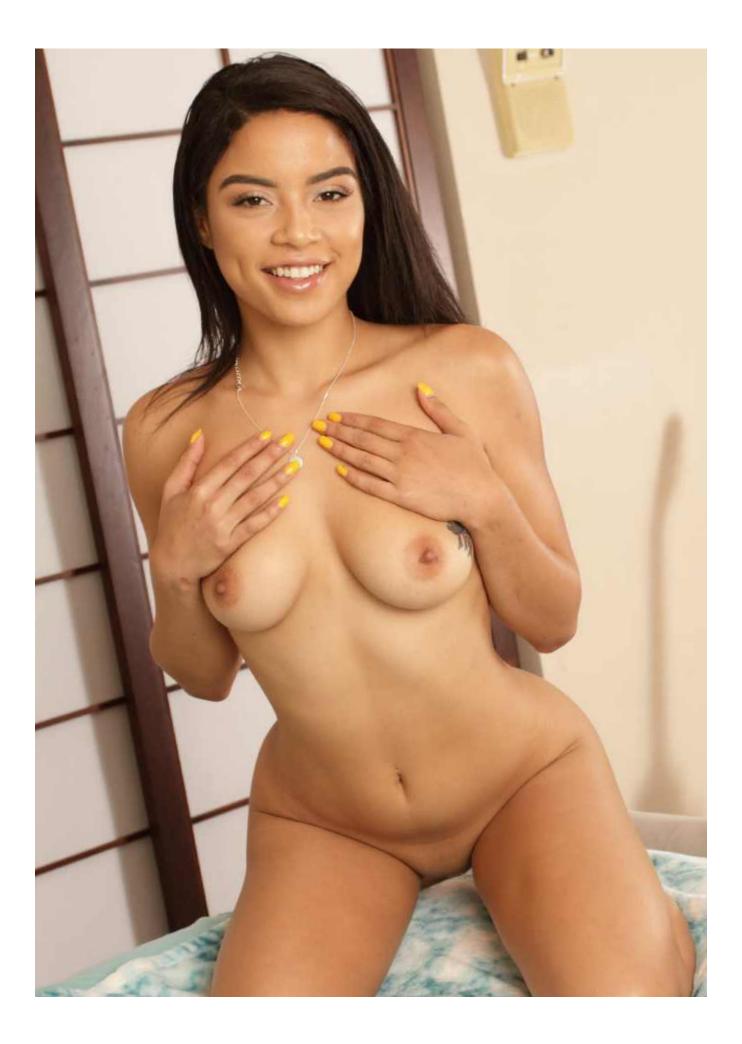
When we called Maya after seeing some of her work online, it didn't take much convincing to let us shoot her and show that amazing body of hers to the world. At the shoot, she showed herself off so naturally and gave us plenty of gorgeous views that we had to share them here.











































































I had just finished getting fucked for this layout when the photographer asked me if I had ever cheated. I immediately said NO! But he could tell I was lying. After the wrap, I confessed that I had and that I kinda liked it. We laughed and he kinda came on to me which I kinda liked. Well, I did it again, with him this time, and I liked it even more than before. I think I'll stay just the way I am.































Atlanta, came up for grabs in the next local stage production, I jumped at the chance to play her. I was tired of being the girl-next-door type—both at home and on the stage.

I told my husband Mike about the play, but I decided that it might be fun to save the news that I was playing a prostitute until he saw me under the bright lights on opening night

Every time during rehearsals that I took the stage as Mandy, the other actors found it hilarious. After all, I was the all-American girl. With my brownish-red ponytail and freckles, I looked more like a cheerleader than a hooker! Their laughter made me more determined than ever to pull it off.

I searched through the wardrobe room for a costume for Mandy, but couldn't find anything sexy enough. So I went shopping, and came home and dumped my purchases on the bed. I had felt foolish buying those outlandish clothes, but I felt a rush of excitement as I stripped to try on Mandy's outfit.

I started with a platinum-blonde wig, then I strapped on the lacy garter belt. I had never worn anything but pantyhose, and it took me a few minutes to figure out how to fasten the sheer nylons to it

If I was ever going to pull this charade off, I had to feel as sexy as I looked; so I pulled on the slinky red satin dress without any underwear. I completed Mandy's costume with a pair of strappy high heels. When I looked in the full length mirror, I gasped out loud. I really was Mandy! The all-American girl had been replaced by a gorgeous, even slightly sluttylooking, blonde sexpot!

I liked the way the short dress hugged my body. The top was cut so low that my unsupported breasts were bare almost to the tops of my pink nipples. The four-inch spikes gave my legs more shape than I ever knew they had. And

when I sat on the edge of the bed, the slit in the front of the dress fell open to expose my creamy thighs to within an inch of decency.

I felt my nipples hardening and a warm dampness spreading between my legs as I giggled at the sexy blonde stranger in the mirror. I even found myself starting to walk like Mandy would—with a slight, yet very provocative wiggle—as I went into the living room and fixed myself a strong martini. I never drank at home, but I knew that Mandy would.

I flicked on the voice recorder and recited my lines. When I played it back I couldn't believe my ears. It was Mandy speaking! My distinct New England accent had been replaced with a flirtatious, slightly southern drawl. Mandy had turned into a flesh-and-blood woman!

As it turned out, Mandy knocked out the other cast members at dress rehearsal. The guys were so busy staring at me that they were forgetting their lines!

Opening night finally arrived. I stood nervously in the dressing room and peeled off my top and jeans, then my bra and panties. I could feel the sexy blonde taking over my mind and body as I put on the garter belt and smoothed the shiny nylons over my legs. I stepped into the stiletto heels and smilingly appraised Mandy's perfect frame in the mirror, before pulling the skintight dress over my tingling nipples. I blew a kiss to the blonde girl in the mirror and walked confidently and sexily toward the stage.

The audience fell in love with Mandy. After the show, the backstage area was swarming with well-wishers who wanted a closer look at the blonde call girl. I looked through the crowd of anxious men who







were undressing me with their eyes, but I couldn't see Mike anywhere. I was beginning to wonder if my husband had bothered to even show up. Then I heard a familiar voice behind me and turned to see him standing over my shoulder.

It was obvious that Mike liked Mandy a lot! There was a huge bulge in the front of his pants; his eyes were practically popping out of their sockets as they swept over my body, from my pink toenails to my silver blonde wig. He hadn't looked at me with so much obvious desire in years!

"Let's get out of here," he whispered. "I've got a booth reserved over at The Green Door. We'll have a few drinks to celebrate your performance."

"Okay, honey," I cooed in my Mandy voice, "I do feel like I'm on display here."

'Well, you certainly have a lot to display," Mike smiled. I noticed a gleam in his eyes that I had almost forgotten. When we got into the car and I started to take off the wig, Mike begged me to leave it on. Then he said, "Would it be okay if I call you Mandy tonight? And why don't you keep the accent for a few more hours..."

Mike was so turned on that I decided to play along with him. Besides, my pussy was getting very wet and my nipples were burning with excitement. My husband was definitely a different person at The Green Door with Mandy, than he was at home with me. It was if the girlnext-door me didn't exist. He was trying to pick up a sexy platinum blonde named Mandy and he seemed very sure that he would be successful as he plied me with drinks.

Mike slipped one arm around my shoulder and his other hand was sliding up my slippery nylon-clad thigh, toying with the sensitive skin above my stockings. His mouth covered mine and his tongue darted between my lips. I hadn't been kissed like that in a long, long time. Then his hand inched higher up my thigh and my legs

parted, as his fingers slid into my slick bare cunt lips.

I couldn't believe that Mike, the guy who was too shy to kiss me goodbye when I dropped him off in front of his office, was finger-fucking me in a crowded cocktail lounge! The other drinkers were twisting in their seats to get a better look at us. A guy in the booth next to us practically fell on the floor when he leaned out in the aisle and saw my gaping pussy.

When Mike's hand dropped under the neckline of my dress and started teasing my sensitive nipples, I thought I would explode. I shivered when his finger touched my swollen clit and whispered into his ear, unconsciously slipping into Mandy's sexy drawl, "Maybe we'd better go get a motel room before we get thrown out of here. Would you like to come along and keep a lonely girl company?"

Mike laughed as he pinched my nipple between his thumb and forefinger, "I don't know. I am married, you know."

I gave his throbbing prick one last squeeze and smiled, 'Well, honey, if you think your goody-two-shoes wife can show you a better time than Mandy can, you go right ahead on home." I slid out of the booth and walked out of the bar, as a hundred admiring eyes watched every stride of my long legs and every jiggle of my braless boobs. When I turned around at the door, Mike was following me like a little puppy.

We were all over each other during the short drive to the motel. By the time we pulled into the parking lot, my tits were hanging out of my dress and Mike's cock was being smothered with hot, wet kisses.

The college-aged kid working the desk stared at me in open-mouthed lust as I inquired about a room. When I signed Mandy's name to the regis

































ter, I leaned over just a little more than necessary, and my tits nearly tumbled out into full view. The kid hurriedly sat down in a vain attempt to hide his straining hard-on.

Before I even had the key all the way into the door, my dress was in a pile around my high heels and Mike was kissing my neck and fondling my bare tits and ass. I reached down to scoop up my dress just as my husband swept me into his arms and carried me to the king-sized bed, slamming the door behind us.

While Mike struggled with his pants and shoes, I reached down and touched my soaking wet pussy, stroking my finger up and down my slick and swollen slit. I pinched and rolled my big pink nipples into hard rubbery points as I waited for my husband to caress and suck them. The beautiful cock that I had grown to love so much was already at stiff attention as he climbed onto the bed beside me.

"I've always had this thing about Southern blondes," he whispered, as his hand dipped between my legs and started massaging my aching cunt. His lips trailed long hot kisses down over my breasts, his tongue flicking my nipples back and forth as I moaned in pleasure.

Then Mike was pushing has manhood into me. I wrapped my long legs around him and dug my high heels into his ass as I raised my cunt to meet his long hard thrusts. It seemed as if my husband's cock had grown to new dimensions as he fucked the tarnished Southern belle named Mandy.

The pressure on my clit was almost unbearable as he drove in and out. Just when I thought I was going to cum, Mike pulled out of me and climbed up over my chest, his shiny cock dangling over my rouged lips. I licked around his swollen head and then slowly sucked him into my mouth, swirling my tongue around his hard flesh as I reached up and caressed and squeezed his

heavy balls.

I had never really liked to suck cock, but Mandy loved it. I relaxed my throat muscles and took him all the way in as he erupted with a flood of hot bittersweet cum that filled my mouth and dribbled over my scarlet lips. I (or was it Mandy?) sexily wiped my husband's sticky jism from my chin and licked my fingers clean as Mike collapsed beside me.

"Not so quick," I moaned, and pushed his face down into my pussy. His tongue slid easily into my slit. It had been so long since Mike had gone down on me that it was like a whole new experience for me. But I loved the sweet and torrid feeling spreading over my whole body. I tightened my smooth thighs around his head until Mike was fighting for breath. I arched my hips to meet his tongue's thrusts and soon I was gasping in ecstatic release.

"God!" his muffled and exhausted voice came from between my legs. "You sure could teach my wife thing or two!"

Since that night, our sex life has improved a hundred and fifty percent. It's mainly because Mandy comes back to town to visit about once a month. The Southern slut phones Mike at his office on Friday afternoon and tells him which motel she's at. Then Mandy goes back in hiding until Mike starts acting bored with life and I bring her out of closet.

As a matter of fact, Mike and I have been spending so much time satisfying each other's bodies, that I really haven't had much time for theater group. But they are holding tryouts next week for Cat on A Hot Tin Roof.

I wonder if my husband would like to meet a sultry Southern brunette named Maggie...













































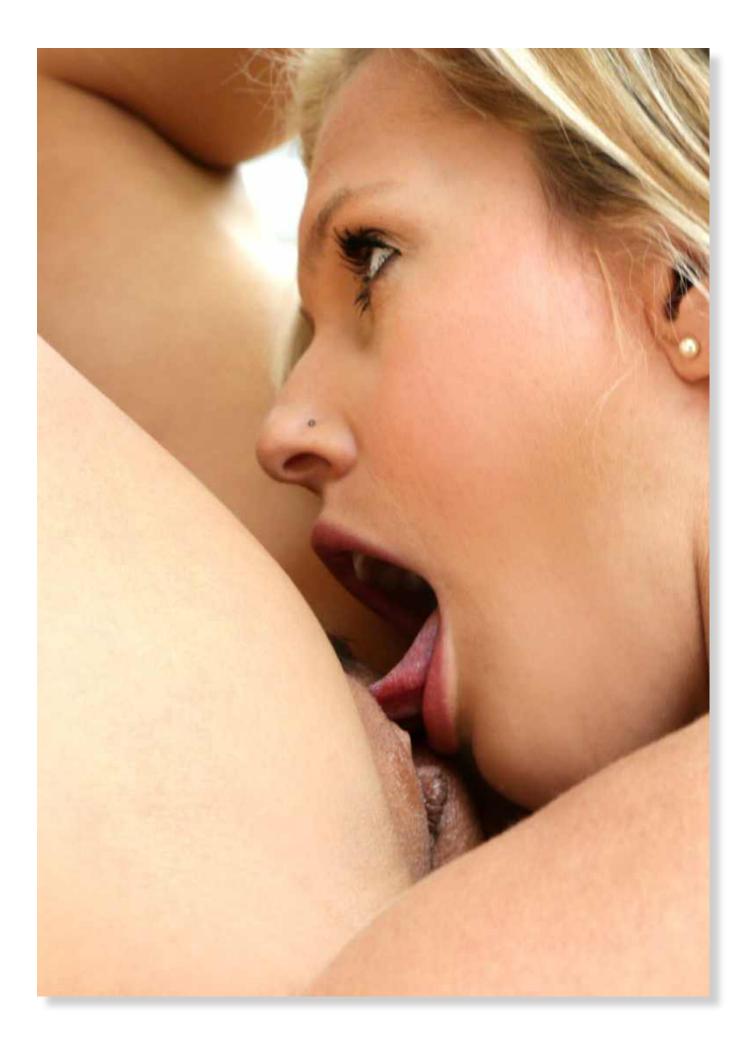


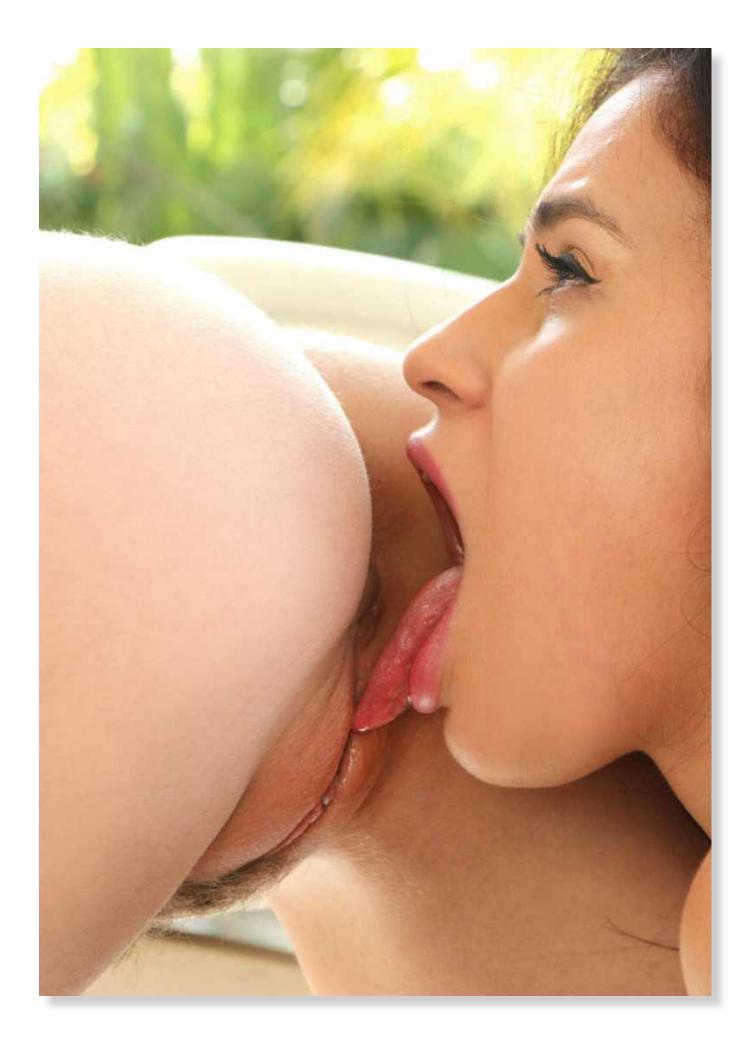














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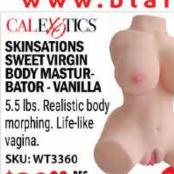
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